



# THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 8 Aug. 1962

*Social  
climber*



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# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Cowes Week**, to 11 August.  
**Dublin Horse Show**, to 11 August.

**Minden Ball**, in aid of K.O.S.B. regimental charities, Paxton House, Berwick-on-Tweed, 10 August.

**Grouse shooting starts**, 13 August.

**Old Amplefordians v. Downside Wanderers** cricket match, Hurlingham Club, 12 August.

**Tanis Butler paintings**, Westbury Hotel, Bond Street, to 17 August. (Paintings to be sold on view in aid of S.S.A.F.A.)

**Seaview Club Ball**, Seaview, Isle of Wight, 17 August. (Details, Mr. Richard Longland, 4 Madeira House, Seaview.)

**Edinburgh Festival**, 19 August-8 September.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Flat**: Brighton, Yarmouth, today & 9; Newmarket (Summer Meeting), Redcar, 10, 11; Lewes, Warwick, 11; Folkestone, 13; Nottingham 13, 14; Alexandra Park, 14; Haydock Park, Salisbury, Catterick Bridge, 15, 16.

**Steeplechasing**: Haldon

(Devon & Exeter Meeting), today & 9; Newton Abbot, 15, 16.

## POLO

**Cowdray Park**, Brecknock Cup, first rounds 11 August, semi-finals 12 August.

## GOLF

**Royal Gold Tournament**, Murcar, Aberdeenshire, 10-12 August.

## SAILING

**Ramsey, I.O.M. Week; Salcombe Week; West Highland Week** (Oban), to 11 August.

**Inland Waterways Association Rally**, Stourbridge, Worcs, 13-18 August.

## MUSICAL

**Henry Wood Promenade Concerts**, Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. nightly, except Sundays. (KEN 8212.)

**London's Festival Ballet**, Royal Festival Hall. 8 p.m. nightly, matinees Saturdays 5 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

**Victoria & Albert Museum concert**, by Philomusica of London, 7.30 p.m., 12 August.

## ART

**Royal Academy Summer Exhibition**, Burlington House, to 26 August.

**2,000 Years of Egyptian Art**, Royal Academy, to 12 August.

**Alexander Calder**, mobiles & stabiles, Tate Gallery, to 12 August.

**Drawings from the Bruce Ingram Collection**, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 16 August.

**Drawing Towards Painting**, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 18 August.

**Industrial Painters Group**,



● Adam Faith gets on the wrong side of the law in his latest film *Mix Me A Person*. He plays a Battersea teenager who faces the death penalty for shooting a policeman. The defence counsel (Donald Sinden) thinks him guilty but his wife (Anne Baxter) doesn't. Director: Leslie Norman

Guildhall Art Gallery, to 18 August.

**Vladimir Favorsky**, 1912-1960, Grosvenor Gallery, to 17 August.

**Charles Farr**, Seven Arts Gallery, Old Bond St., to 17 August.

**20th-Century French Watercolours**, Wildenstein Gallery, New Bond St., to end of August.

## OPEN AIR THEATRE

**Regent's Park**, *Twelfth Night*, 7.45 p.m., to 19 August. (HUN 1813); *Son et Lumière*, Can-

terbury Cathedral and Winchester Cathedral, to 22 September.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Piccadilly Theatre**. Marce Marceau, 14 August.

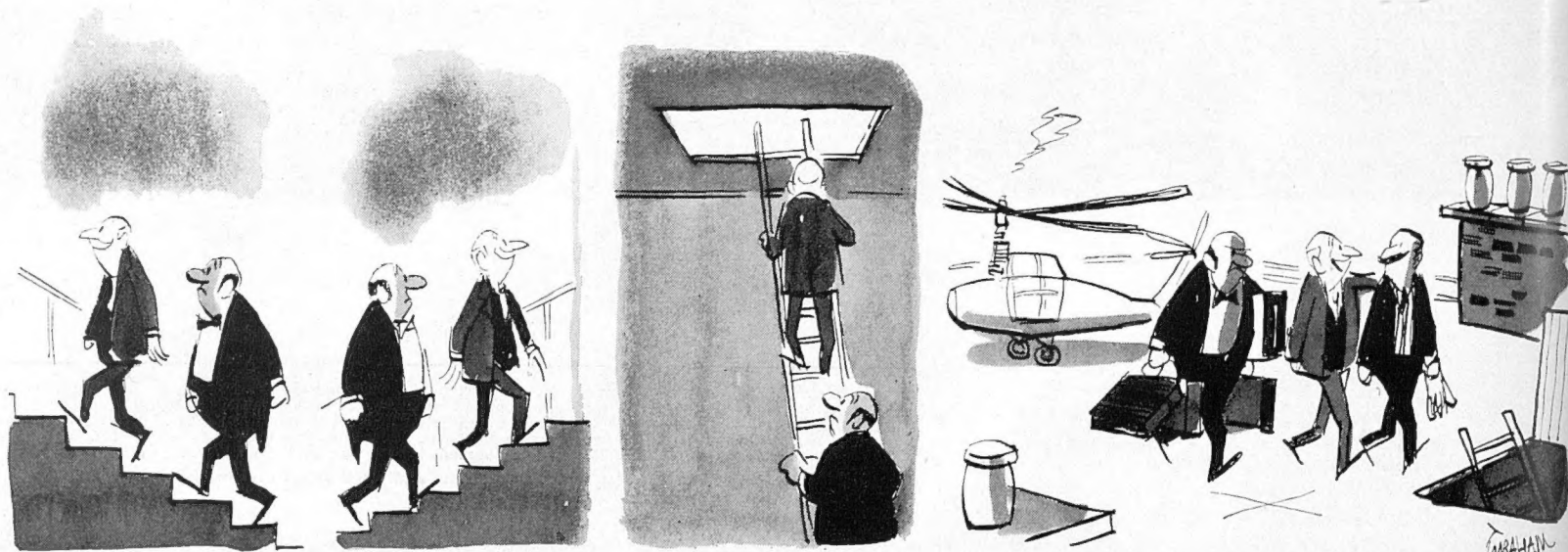
**Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.** *Say Nothing*, 14 August.

**Oxford Playhouse**. *The Wit To Woo*, 13 August.

**Mermaid Theatre**. *Purple Dust*, 15 August.

**Her Majesty's Theatre**. *Look Up Your Daughters*, 16 August.

## BRIGGS by Graham







## GOING PLACES IN PICTURES

*London's Festival Ballet opened their annual season at the Royal Festival Hall with the world première of a ballet by Jack Carter called Improvisations (to music by Aaron Copland. The men (above) show a West Side Story*

*approach. Below, the leading dancers, John Gilpin and Marilyn Burr, and behind them Angela Symonds and Angela Bishopp. The company's season lasts until 8 September and includes classical and modern ballets*

TOGRAPHS: ALEX LOW

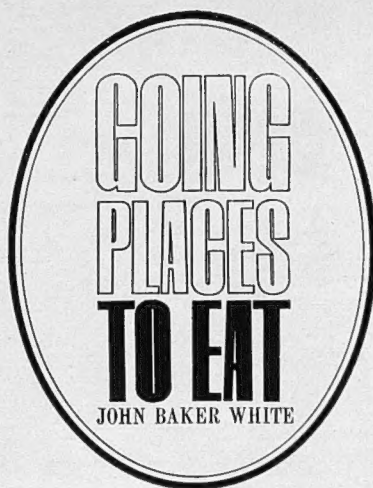




## Extroverts' delight

C.S. ... Closed Sundays  
W.B. ... Wise to book a table  
**Trattoria Il Porcellino**, 169 Fulham Road (junction with Sydney Place). (KNI 8413.) Open for luncheon and dinner, and 7-11 p.m. Sundays. If you want one of those quiet evenings of whispered intimate conversation, or an earnest business meal, leave this one alone. If, on the other hand, you enjoy a gay, noisy evening, with music, singing and sound Italian cooking, this is the place to go. There is a full menu, at reasonable prices, and some sound wines also not at all dear to go with them. You can order your dinner in the pleasant, and unusual, Polo Bar reflecting Mario Teverini's affection for this sport. I enjoyed the *pâté*, and the *scampi*. Specialities vary in price from 9s. to 12s. 6d., so £1 1s. for a good meal, without wine, should see you through. Coffee is good, but could be hotter; service swift and friendly. Booking most necessary.

**Brompton Grill**, 243 Brompton Road (opposite the Oratory). KEN 8005. C.S. The brothers Karonais must have built up over the years one of the longest lists of regular customers of any restaurant in London. That is not surprising, for they set themselves a high standard and kept to it. They realize a simple truth lost on some restaurateurs—that to serve high-class food,



however good the sauce, you must use a high quality basic product. Their smoked salmon, for example, is some of the best in London. The surroundings are pleasant without being over-pretentious. Prices are reasonable. W.B.

### Hasta la Dover

The **Britannia Inn** at Dover, about which I wrote recently, now has a Spanish chef and a full menu of the dishes of that country. Judging from some of the Costa Brava meals I have experienced, this may well be the most genuine Spanish cooking you will get, travelling to and from those parts.

### Wine note

Because of the increasing interest in and appreciation of Australian wines, I give a list of those served in the Vintners'

Hall at a dinner in honour of Mr. Ian Seppelt, chairman of the Australian Wine Board. They were: Smith's Yalumba Galway Fino; Lindeman's 1958 Sunshine Riesling; Penfold's Dalwood Hermitage; Seppelt's Great Western Imperial Reserve; Hardy's fine old tawny; and St. Agnes liqueur brandy. The dinner included *Suprême of Guinea Fowl* Borsdorp and sugar baked ham with peaches. Among the pleasant sherries we drank before dinner were Mildara Supreme Dry and Seppelt's Dry Solero. To those who have not got deep-rooted prejudices about sherry, the Australian make a most interesting study.

... and a reminder

**Wolfe's**, 11 Abingdon Road (Kensington High Street end). WES 6868. Creative cooking in the French style and some English wines.

**Jardin des Gourmets**, 5 Greek Street. (GER 1816.) As it has been for a long time, first-class French cooking.

**The Georgian**, 73 Wigmore Street. (WEL 1758.) Worth remembering for a light meal when shopping in these parts.

**Connaught Hotel grill room**, Carlos Place. (GRO 7070.) A good place to take your friends from abroad; not cheap but good value.

**La Speranza**, 179 Brompton Road. (KEN 9437.) The sort of restaurant where one generation follows another; food mainly Italian & French.

## CABARET CALENDAR

**Pigalle.** (REG 7746.) New song-&-dance floor show The Roaring Twenties stars Jill Day. Twice nightly, large cast includes the Pigalle Dancers, mannequins and showgirls

**Talk of the Town.** (REG 5051.) Frankie Vaughan in his first West End cabaret date

**Room at the Top.** (ILF 4455.) Kathy Kirby ends her season this week. From Monday, Toni Eden. **Candlelight Room, May Fair Hotel.** (MAY 7777.) Ray Ellington and his quartet, plus vocalist Susan Maugham

**Savoy.** (TEM 4343.) Ron & Joy Holiday, speciality dancers; plus other acts and the Savoy dancers

**Establishment.** (GER 8111.) Satirical blood-letting by John Bird, John Fortune among others



Joy Marshall is appearing at The Blue Angel



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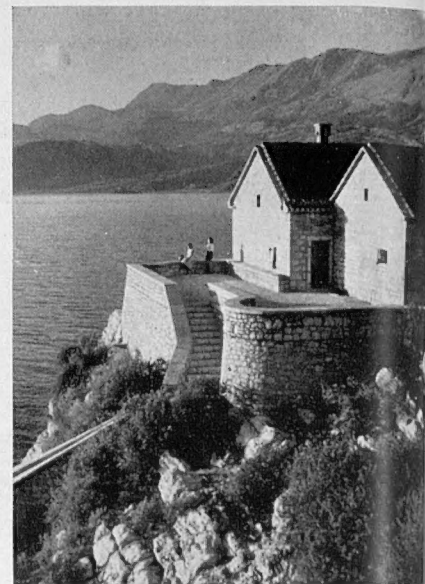
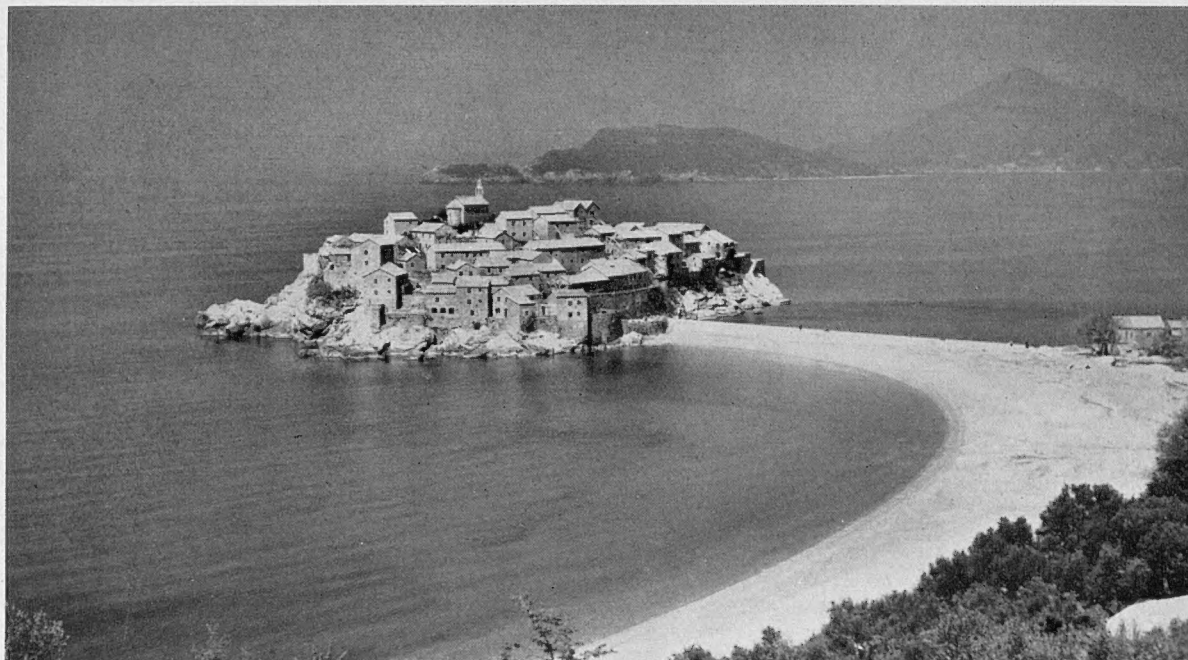


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YUGOSLAVIA: *Sveti Stefan, a golden anchor in the sea*

## Memo on Montenegro

ONE DOES NOT GO TO YUGOSLAVIA in search of luxury: the refinements of sybaritic living lie closer to home. Odd hotels like the Argentina in Dubrovnik bear comparison with most, but they are the exception rather than the rule. The appeal of the country is rather in its simplicity and a wild, untrammelled beauty no longer to be found in most of Europe's conventional honey-pots. But since I love exceptions to rules, I was delighted to come across the tiny resort of Millocer and Sveti Stefan, in a lovely and isolated spot on the coast of Montenegro. Here, the Yugoslav Government has made a most imaginative experiment. They have converted the summer residence of the late Queen into a hotel, at Millocer, and transformed what was the tiny fishing village of Sveti Stefan, lying at the end of a promontory across the water, into a series of comfortably furnished suites within the façades of the original fishermen's houses. To the village has been added a glorious outdoor terrace restaurant and, in the cottages down below, a small bar and the civilizing touch of both ladies' and gents' hairdresser. A genuine and ordinary bistro, also patronized by the locals, shelters under a grove of olives at the end of the beach, and offers simple local food of a high standard. The setting is perfect of its kind, and were this resort on the Mediterranean coasts of France, Italy or Spain it would surely be overrun. For better or worse, it would also be gayer—possibly jazzier—the striped umbrellas of Cinzano, Fundador and Punt E Mes can add their own charm. As it is, I commend the place to those in the company of their nearest



and dearest (for honeymoons, an obvious bet), and to those who want peace and quiet.

There is, alas, no little fishing village within a stone's throw, but there is a certain poetry about the place if you've a mind to look for it. A walk through resin-scented cedars and pines leads up the hill, through an amphitheatre of olives, to two tiny churches and a monastery which looks more like a Provençal farmhouse than the usually more grandiose monastic buildings hereabouts. In one of the churches are some faint but interesting frescoes, but the view from its handful of graves is the object: a look-out over the tawny, crenellated roofs of the houses, trellised with grapes like pale green wax overhead, to the peninsula of Sveti Stefan lying like a golden anchor in the sea, with the hills of Kotor, bruise-coloured and seemingly pinched into shape by giant's fingers, backing the bay of Budva.

The hotel at Sveti Stefan offers bedroom, private bathroom, hot and cold water; a full scale breakfast, available until 11 a.m. (which could obviate the need for lunch), and dinner, for £3 5s. a head during

August, dropping to £2 15s. during September and early October, when the season ends. The hotel at Millocer, which does not run to either private baths or hot water, costs less. Meals are interchangeable between the two, and Millocer has a terrace restaurant directly on the beach, thickly arbourised with wisteria and Virginia creeper. If you want to see more of your fellow guests, I'd say this is the livelier of the two, though far less luxurious. The food is excellent; I was first led to it by the smell of suckling pig being roasted in the garden. I was not disappointed.

After such a lunch, I wandered through the woods to a little stone look-out terrace high over the bay: discovered another, smaller beach to swim from. In the boathouse there, the hotel waiters and chef were playing backgammon. The chef abandoned his game and came out to talk about food, his pride and joy. We discussed interesting variations on the evening's menu, and a fellow guest who had spent a week there told me that this was the chef's usual form: nothing he liked better than to create special dishes for those sufficiently interested to ask for them. The atmosphere, though potentially Ritz, is informal. The staff there are touchingly willing to please. But do not expect strictly international service: you must be patient in instructing the barman on the finer points of Martini-making, and the waiters in the gentle art of warming the plates.

The nearest port to Millocer is Budva, 20 minutes away by car (the hotel provides transport). This is a 16th-century walled town of charm. Its streets, like those of Dubrovnik, have never known wheeled traffic, and the balconies of

its solid stone houses almost touch each other across the alleyways. There is an excellent beach, complete with refreshments, just five minutes' walk from the Avala hotel, outside the city walls. Some of the boats call in at Budva, but the faster ones which make the Dubrovnik/Split/Zadar run up to Rijeka and Venice call instead at Kotor, about 40 minutes' journey over the peninsula, and sometimes an emergency dash when heavy seas prevent the small ship from calling at Budva. Kotor is a pilgrimage for many, and its approach, through a fjord-like opening from the coast, is memorably lovely. It was once a Venetian fortress, to which noblemen who had done something *really* unmentionable were banished. They rarely survived six months. The old walls climb to dizzying heights, perpendicular above the city; for me claustrophobia alone would start the rot.

But take advantage of the two-hour stop which many of the boats make, for there are some beautiful fragments of Byzantine churches, notably that of St. Luke, and a rich museum belonging to the cathedral. A final note for people who are spending perhaps one night in Dubrovnik en route north or south: a good new hotel, the Petka, has opened right on the quayside. You are a taxi or tram ride from the old city, but it is a great advantage to have your luggage on the spot for an early start the following day.

**How to get there:** BEA's night flight to Venice costs £31 17s. the midday one £39 16s., return, and a connecting launch now takes you right to San Marco. From Venice to Kotor the boat fare is roughly £10 single, first class, with cabin, and all food.



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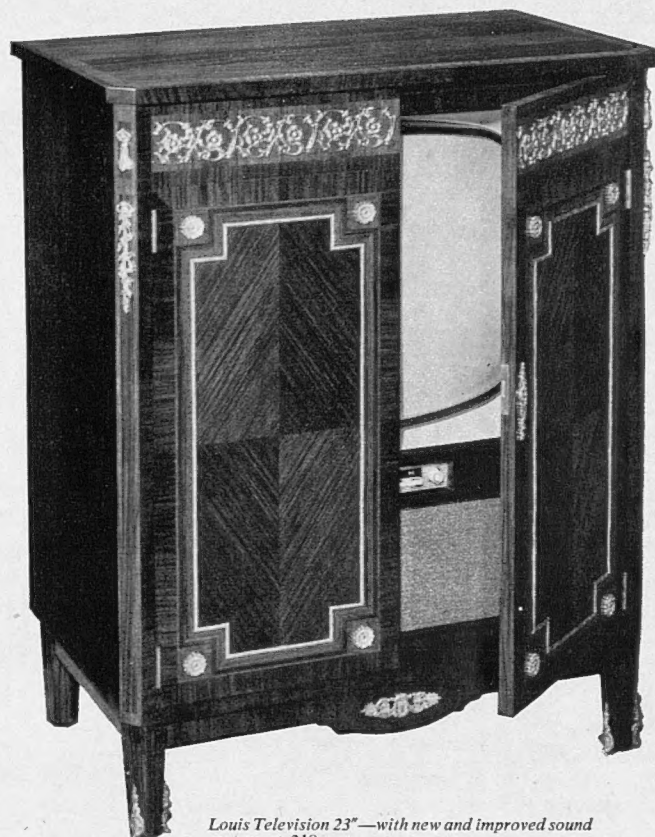
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THE TATLER  
8 AUGUST 1962

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# CHANCELLOR OFF DUTY



The man in charge of the nation's cash account, Mr. Reginald Maudling, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, has a country house at Essendon, Hertfordshire, not too far from his constituency, Barnet. Desmond O'Neill photographed Mr. and Mrs. Maudling with son Edward—they have four children—in the garden of Bedwell Lodge. Muriel Bowen writes about the new Chancellor overleaf



Muriel Bowen reports

# A CHAT WITH THE CHANCELLOR.

WHEN visiting Mr. & Mrs. REGINALD MAUDLING one notices at once that they are fresh-air fiends. Doors, windows, front gate, back gate, all were open when I arrived on a Saturday afternoon at Bedwell Lodge, the new Chancellor's country house in Hertfordshire. Mr. Maudling was wearing what I mistakenly thought to be his gardening clothes. "Gardening?" he said. "I wouldn't take up a garden spade unless I really had to." The Chancellor likes people enough to find social calls amusing—they are treated lightly with a mixture of wit and mischief.

The garden has herbaceous borders, a hard tennis court, a quiet eating-out spot with climbing roses nearby, and a squash court that was turned into a chicken house, until the chickens all died. But mostly the garden is lawn which a part-time gardener keeps trim. "It's difficult, though, to get people out here. I wish a scientist would invent something to keep the grass down without having to cut it." If Viscount Hailsham's department were to come up with something pleasantly practical like that the Tories would surely hold the commuting executives' vote.

The Maudlings have four children: Martin, 18, who was at Harrow and now hopes to do science; Caroline, 16, who was at Heathfield and shares her mother's interest in the theatre; Edward, 7; and William, 5, who has lately begun to talk of a House of Commons career. In addition there are: three dogs, two budgies, a Siamese cat, a hamster, and general relief that Caroline has now outgrown her pony craze.

The Maudlings like to spend a day-and-a-half at Bedwell Lodge at weekends, relaxing mostly, though I did notice a red dispatch box in a sort of No Man's Land near the garden door. They used to spend longer there but: "ten years ago I'd drive to London in 45 minutes, now it takes 1½ hours." It was rather nice to know that one of them (the Cabinet) was suffering a little over something we've all been screaming about for years.

In London the Maudlings have a house in Belgravia. They are both great partygoers. I once asked a high official at the Board of Trade how his then President, Mr. Maudling, managed the time. "The explanation is simple," he said. "He's the ablest Minister we've ever had. What most of them would be still struggling with at dinner time he's polished off in a couple of hours in the morning."

## THE YEOMEN TAKE OVER

Three more royal garden parties and with all the familiar features—tea in the green and white candy-striped tea tents, the floppy picture hats not always stable because of the wind, and the stiletto heels relentlessly cratering the lawns. This year for the first time the Queen's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard were called in for the third of the garden parties to keep an avenue open through the crowds for the Queen. The Gentlemen Ushers and the Extra Gentlemen Ushers had been finding it increasingly difficult to do so since the parties were increased in size two years ago. Certainly the Yeomen in their scarlet and gold uniforms were much more readily obeyed than the Gentlemen Ushers with nothing more commanding than morning dress and umbrellas.

Celebrity-spotting is a favourite occupation at royal garden parties. The familiar Friar Tuck figure of THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY—accompanied by Mrs. RAMSEY—was easy to pick out. Celebrity-spotting, though, especially in the crowded tea tent, has to be done with care. One woman in shell-pink crêpe de chine spilt tea down her dress trying to point out Dr. RICHARD BEECHING & Mrs. BEECHING to her husband.

It is noticeable how morning dress is increasingly worn at the royal garden parties. People no longer have the qualms they did a few years ago about appearing in a hired suit. Dr. Beeching was one who did so. LORD DILHORNE (pronounced DILLON), the new Lord Chancellor, wearing his own suit, had his face almost perpetually creased in smiles; he and LADY DILHORNE were receiving congratulations on his new appointment. Miss SARAH BUTLER, all in bright pink, came with her father, Mr. R. A. BUTLER, the First Secretary of State. I also saw Mr. & Mrs. HARRY HENRY, COL. & Mrs. WILLIAM HEATHCOAT AMORY, VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS BROOKEBOROUGH, Mr. OWEN AISHER, looking very tanned after a weekend spent sailing the Queen's yacht Bloodhound round the Isle of Wight, & Mrs. AISHER, the Lord Chief Justice LORD PARKER OF WADDINGTON & LADY PARKER (she was off to America next day), Mr. & Mrs. JAMES COLTART, and the Law Society's brand new President, Mr. HENRY LAWSON, & Mrs. LAWSON.

Each day the Queen invited some of her guests to tea in her private tent. LADY CHURCHILL joined her, as did Mr. Jo GRIMOND, M.P., & Mrs. GRIMOND, and THE EARL OF AVON (people unable to

remember his new name kept pointing him out as Anthony Eden), and the COUNTESS OF AVON in a black and white coat of cotton tweed with a pillar-box red straw hat. There seemed to be more young people than usual at this year's parties. I saw SIR NICHOLAS & LADY NUTTALL—she was wearing a pretty pink and blue straw picture hat—CAPT. & Mrs. TIM BURBURY, and Mr. & Mrs. ALASTAIR GUNNING.

LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN came with THE HON. MRS. DE ZULUETA, who was wearing a very garden partyish coat of bright pink, and others I saw included SIR THOMAS & LADY LUND and their daughter, ROBINA, COL. & Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS-WYNNE and their daughter MERRY, SIR EDWIN & LADY HERBERT, SIR NORMAN & LADY BROOK, Mr. & Mrs. GEOFFREY CROSS and SIR ROLAND ROBINSON, M.P., and LADY ROBINSON (they're off to Venice, where she hopes to do some painting during the recess).

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR FRANCIS & LADY FOGARTY were having what seemed to be a very jolly chat with Prince Philip. Other guests at the parties included SIR HAROLD & LADY ZIA WERNHER, SIR WILLIAM & LADY HART, SIR ARTHUR & LADY DRIVER, SIR JOHN & LADY GLUBB (she was being asked about her hobby of breeding Siamese cats, which she has turned into a successful business), SIR JOHN HANBURY-WILLIAMS, Mr. & Mrs. FRANK HOLLAND and Mr. & Mrs. JOHN L. ASTON. Mr. JACK COTTON was telling SIR LOUIS & LADY GLUCKSTEIN about the marvellous cartoon of him by Mr. Michael Cummings in a previous day's paper. It depicted Mr. Cotton as Prime Minister coping with Europe. Mr. Cotton, always a jolly soul, got a special thrill from it and the original is now in his office in the Dorchester.

Something to marvel at is the precision of the organization of royal garden parties. Within seconds of a young girl fainting, seven members of the St. John Ambulance were attending to her. If one has to faint I think that there can be no better place, when it comes to the care and attention lavished on one.

## THE QUEEN'S GALLERY

For the first time part of Buckingham Palace is open to the public. This is a section of the war-damaged and now restored chapel which has been set up as a small and charmingly intimate private gallery for an exhibition of the Queen's art treasures. From Mr. OLIVER MILLAR, Deputy Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, I learned that the art advisers to



# PALACE PARTIES AND PICTURES

the Palace had a completely free choice in their selection of the exhibits. The Queen allowed them to take any pictures they liked from both Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle.

One thinks of a royal picture collection as being a conventional set of pictures of royal persons and their relations. But I left this exhibition with the impression that Charles I, Frederick Prince of Wales, and George IV were collectors with a rare eye for the brilliant and exceptional work of art. The pictures comprise the main exhibition, but something which I feel will be of special interest to women is the diadem so often worn by the Queen on State occasions and familiar to millions because of its appearance on stamps.

While leaving the choice of treasures to her art advisers, the Queen took a special interest in the construction of the Gallery itself. The specially woven biscuit colour cotton-rayon mixture which covers the walls was her idea and it is a perfect foil for the grandeur of the pictures, which colleague Robert Wraight writes about on page 298.

The Gallery is the only part of the Palace to be air-conditioned, a concession to the pictures and not to the hordes of American tourists expected. In the formal splendour of their previous settings in the draughty royal palaces the pictures didn't need such cossetting. But crowds visiting the small gallery could cause a steep rise in temperature and consequent damage.

Just how long the exhibition will remain as it now is nobody can say. The intention is that when the crowds drop off the pictures will be changed. Naturally the Palace art advisers hope that will not be for a year or more. Moving pictures from, say, Windsor, is an exceptionally costly business today because of the insurance involved. The Gallery is open to the public, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., Tuesdays to Saturdays and on Sundays from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. The entrance is in Buckingham Palace Road.

## THEIR LORDSHIPS' CHAIRS

The backwoodsmen are chuckling and the regulars will soon be able to say, truthfully, that "they never had it so good." All as a result of Mr. Macmillan's Cabinet changes a very important person whose avoirdupois is such that he would feel such things even if he did not notice them, called up the Ministry of Works. It was high time, so he said, that something was done about the arm-chairs in the House of Lords.



*Sir Basil Spence, architect of Coventry Cathedral, was a guest at the second of the Queen's Garden Parties. Miss Sandra Myers, from Melbourne, Australia, was a guest on the same day*



*Lord Morrison of Lambeth & Lady Morrison. Below: Miss Yvonne Williamson. Right: The Queen and Prince Philip with guests*



# CHILDREN AT FRINTON



The common denominator on all family beaches is togetherness. Sooner or later no parent can resist the lure of sandcastle building or shrimping in the rock pools at low tide



Left: **Jeremy (6) & David (5)** with father, Mr. Dennis Westcott



Left: **Simon (4)**, the son of Mr. & Mrs. Jamie Gonzales Morena. Far left: **William**, son of Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Filmer-Sankey







**June Latter** (13) came from Glasgow. The Dalmatians, *Judy* and *Tenny*, belong to Mrs. *Dymoke White*, of *Frinton*

**Sarah** (15 months), the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. *Frank Taylor*

**Bettina** (3), the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. *C. Eppel*, of *Park Lane*

**Caroline** (2), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. *John Greenish*

PHOTOGRAPHS: BETTY SWAEBE



**Jane** (4), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. *Fulke Walwyn*, and *Juliette*, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. *Willy Freund*. Right: **James** (1), son of Mr. & Mrs. *C. M. Henderson*





*King Hussein and Princess Muna Al-Hussein receiving the guests at the Embassy*

# CALLERS ON A KING



*Above, Begum Mohammed Yousuf, wife of the High Commissioner for Pakistan, and her daughter Mlle. Abidah Yousuf. Left, Mme. Haluk Kura, wife of the Turkish Charge d'Affaires in London*





*Colonel and Mrs. H. C. Blackden  
talking to King Hussein*



*Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, Chief Secretary to  
the Treasury and P.M.G., and his wife*



*Mr. John Allegro and Mrs. E. Hayne*



Members of the Diplomatic Corps and the Government were among guests who met King Hussein and Princess Muna Al-Hussein at the Jordan Embassy



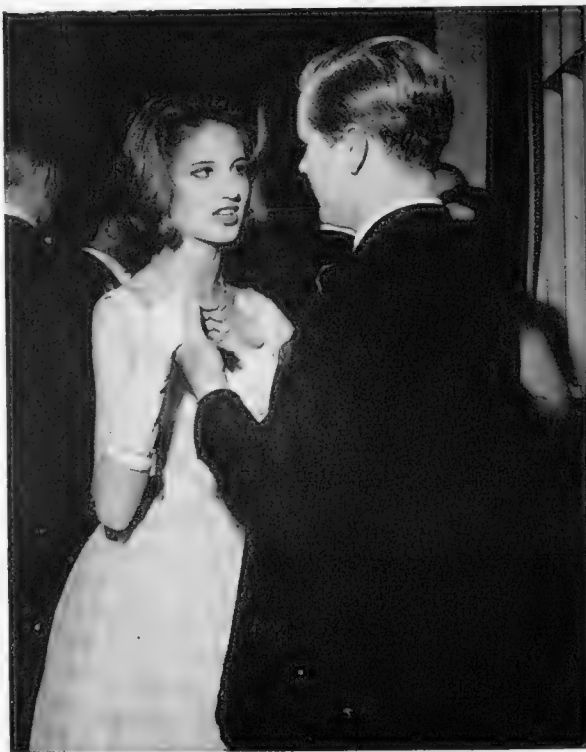
*The Countess of Bessborough. Right: Amir  
Salih, of the Aden Protectorate, and Major &  
Mrs. Nigel Bromage*





*Sir John Ruggles-Brise, Bt., who lives at Spains Hall, with Lieut.-Col. & Mrs. H. E. Hunter Jones. Below: Mrs. Richard Redmayne and Mr. David Mordaunt*

A military band playing on the lawns, and 25-pounder guns flanking the doors, greeted guests at Spains Hall, Finchingfield, Essex, for the 304 (Essex Yeomanry—R.H.A.) Regiment, T.A. ball. The Regimental guidon hung above the dancers



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



## WITH FLYING COLOURS



*Sir Eric & Lady Edwards. Below: Mr. Michael Bagshawe and Mrs. David Ferrand*







# WHEN THE CITY DANCED



St. Bartholomew's Fair was never like this—with a halt firmly called after 45 minutes, and half a hundred people taken to hospital. This particular City fair happened during the Festival of London. Humphrey Lyttelton was to play jazz in Lime Street. There were other fairground attractions (like the huge, baroque barrel organ above left), and dancing in the street. It started happily enough with City gents purposely pursuing their daily routine among carnival masked participants (above). But when Humph began to play (outside Lloyd's building—top) the crowd tightened so that neither a knees-up nor a twist was possible. The police sorted things out; the 1st Battalion of the London Scottish T.A. held back the crowds (left) as their company of pipers took over. "It was horrible, it really was," said one battered onlooker; perhaps it is too long since St. Bartholomew



Chandelier and candelabra light Kentner, Menuhin and Cassado playing a Brahms trio

# Airs For A Summer Night



Mrs. John Wyndham greets guests. Others strolled on the Petworth lawns during the interval of the trio concert



PHOTOGRAPHS: ERICH AUERBACH

Mrs. Diana Menuhin and Lady Diana Cooper listen to the Menuhin trio during a run-through that preceded the concert. Below: Cassado packs away his 'cello after the finale of Beethoven's Archduke trio which ended the concert



The music of Brahms, Beethoven and Rawsthorne played by Louis Kentner, Yehudi Menuhin and Gaspar Cassado floated on the summer air from Petworth House during a concert held in the Sussex mansion—a National Trust property and home of Mr. and Mrs. John Wyndham



Dinner in the picture-lined Flemish room followed the Petworth House concert



# THE REP REVIVAL

BY J. ROGER BAKER / PHOTOGRAPHS: ALAN VINES



Top: Ronald Allen, an actor who appears in the B.B.C. television series *Compact*, signs autographs at the Leatherhead Theatre garden party

Above left: Miss Carmen Silvera, acting managing director, with Moray Watson (also from *Compact*) who was an original member of the Leatherhead company

Left: Miss Anna Neagle, who opened the garden party, with Miss Hazel Vincent Wallace, the managing director



# LEATHERHEAD

Director: Hazel Vincent

Wallace. A club theatre

Competition: The West End

Environment: Home counties

Company: Changes with each production. Fortnightly

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Liane Aukin finds the occasional week in repertory a refreshing change from TV work. "There is a great atmosphere down here"



Virginia Stride was appearing in the current production *The Irregular Verb To Love*. She had a stall at the garden party



Polly Murch, the week's leading lady, also had a stall at the party. She appreciates the club activities at Leatherhead



Anne Blake has played *Leatherhead* frequently. She feels that television gives young actors the wrong idea of the theatre



THE GROWTH OF REPERTORY SINCE the war is the evolution of a paradox. In 1939 there were 300 provincial theatres but little more than a dozen active repertory companies; today there are between 50 and 60 reps but only 120 theatres. In the face of closure and demolition it might appear that theatre is dying in the provinces whereas what has actually happened is a slow but definite change in policy and attitude. While variety chains and touring shows have gone into eclipse the key reps are moving towards a realization of a national theatre that would be on a truly national scale.

This new direction is most pronounced in Nottingham, whose Playhouse is under the direction of Frank Dunlop. He says: "The whole of the provincial theatre has to change or very soon nobody will be interested enough to go. We must stop people thinking of repertory in terms of the little local company. There should be eight or ten centres scattered across the country, each of a high standard. These would be the backbone of a truly national theatre. In Nottingham we are trying an experiment to build up a theatre where it is possible to see something as good as in London."

Frank Dunlop keeps a small basic company in Nottingham—usually of young actors—but

engages different actors for the main rôles in each production. "I am trying to develop a theatre where leading actors will be pleased to appear." One of his most successful productions was *The Taming Of The Shrew*, with John Neville, Joan Heal and the comedian Bill Maynard. Mr. Neville and Miss Heal have both appeared several times at Nottingham during the last season. "We do not, however, give them any special billing," comments Mr. Dunlop, "and try to avoid any suggestion of guest stars."

At the moment acting conditions in Nottingham are poor; a postage-stamp stage, no room back-stage for props or scenery, too few dressing-rooms. But this will change. A new civic theatre is being built, designed by Peter Moro. It will be one of the few new theatres in the country which active men of the theatre have helped to design. The lighting technician from the Playhouse, Anthony Church, was consulted to ensure top efficiency for the new theatre.

Up and down the country there are, of course, many "little local reps," and reps whose company doesn't change during a year or more—these are generally out of commuting distance from London. Nearest is at Colchester, where director Robert Digby has struggled to keep the theatre going since

1937. Colchester rep receives grants from local councils to a greater extent than any other similar theatre. The days of hard struggle are passing, however, and the company is making the significant transition from a play a week to fortnightly production. "The provincial reps keep the theatre going," says Mr. Digby, "otherwise there would be nothing between drama school and the starry heights of the West End."

Along with many other directors I spoke to, Mr. Digby feels it is a bad thing for young actors to go straight into television work. The cameras cast a formidable spell (instant recognition, good money) that few actors can—or indeed, want—to resist, but technical differences are so great that an actor experienced only in TV work will find it difficult to readjust to the live theatre, and vice versa. Liane Aukin, an actress who has done a lot of TV work, tells me that it is refreshing to work in a theatre after the studios. Discipline, team-work and a live audience reaction are the rewards. Another actress, Anne Blake, finds TV work dispiriting after the theatre: "I found myself doing a strong emotional scene with studio hands bawling technical instructions around me," she explained. But television has, in many ways, given a boost to

the live theatre. Directors find audiences more discriminating in choice of play, more discerning in standards of acting and production; this they attribute to TV plays.

Repertory theatres exist largely on grants, from the Arts Council, from local councils or other sources. The Barry O'Brien organization, however, runs a string of purely commercial companies which must pay their way. The closing of provincial theatres has hit the organization's touring companies severely. The director, Michael Hamilton, finds the cost of transporting scenery prohibitive as well. "After the war we had 12 to 15 companies on the road; before the war every London success was taken on the road by three companies. At the moment we have one only on tour." The public, he feels, like high-class productions, as near to West End standards as possible, and quickly reject the inexperienced and the scrambled production.

The Palace Court Theatre at Bournemouth directed by Miss Nancy Poultny is one of the Barry O'Brien group. Since Bournemouth already offers more than the usual number of rival attractions, including five other live entertainments, Miss Poultny makes a balance of semi-classical plays and purely commercial successes.



Left: The youngest member of the Bournemouth team, Mary Pritchett, the a.s.m. Below: Michael Hamilton, director of the Barry O'Brien group



Sheridan Grant is the leading lady at Bournemouth. Says she would find it difficult to be tempted away from rep—"unless it was a really marvellous part"



Nancy Poultney, the resident director: "Our standard is getting higher and higher"

## PALACE COURT BOURNEMOUTH

Director: Michael Hamilton.

Res. dir.: Nancy Poultney

### Competition:

Five other live entertainments

Environment: Holiday town

Company: Permanent

During the season four plays are alternated week by week, thus cutting down the work of the company and ensuring a high standard of production. "We have no time for actors who do not want to do something better, or for the repertory hack," she says. The same company is retained at Bournemouth for more than a year; "I like to work with the same team. That way a good standard is reached."

Entirely opposite conditions exist at Leatherhead and Windsor. In both towns the theatre describes itself as "repertory," but this is true in neither case. Both change cast and director for each production. Mr. John Counsell, the Director of the Theatre Royal, Windsor, claims that his theatre paved the way for this policy. "We have the most perfect mixed audience in the country," says Mr. Counsell, "from the Queen to factory workers." An attempt is being made to attract distinguished actors and directors to work there. When I went to Windsor the play was a new one by Pamela Frankau; the cast included Margaret Rawlings, Eileen Peel and John Arnatt. It was being directed by the distinguished American producer Margaret Webster. In preparation for the following week was *The Irregular Verb To Love* with Ambrosine Phillpotts and Hugh Latimer. "The basic

needs of the theatre are long rehearsal time, and ability to take enough money to pay the actors well," comments Mr. Counsell. An indication of the standards at Windsor was that the part of the coloured girl in *The Irregular Verb* was being played by a young actress from Trinidad, Corinne Skinner, and not by a white girl blacked up.

A different solution to the problem of making the theatre attractive prevails in Leatherhead. Miss Hazel Vincent Wallace started the theatre there after acting and managing in London. She has made it a social meeting place. It is a club theatre, though this does not mean a member of the public cannot buy a seat—he simply pays an extra two-and-six on the first ticket. There is a membership of 9,000 and the Green Room Club, comprising a restaurant and bar, has a membership of over 2,000. Leatherhead too is moving over to fortnightly shows and there are ambitious plans for improving the theatre. The Green Room Club implies a closer than usual relationship between actor and audience, and actors enjoy working at Leatherhead. Miss Carmen Silvera, the acting managing director, in fact came to Leatherhead for a one-week production three years ago—and stayed on.

At each theatre I visited I

found that the actors spoke highly of repertory acting. Conditions and salaries today are as good and as high as they have ever been—for members of permanent companies salaries range between £10 and £25 a week; distinguished visitors command more, though still nowhere near their West End scale. At Nottingham, Frank Dunlop estimated that John Neville and Joan Heal, by appearing for far less money than they normally command, were subsidizing the theatre by about £600 to £700 a week. In the office of each director too lay a pile of unsolicited manuscripts of plays sent to them by budding authors. The majority are impracticable, but at Colchester Robert Digby claims a winner called *The Siege Of Battersea*, which he hopes to produce shortly.

Far from falling flat on its face in front of television, or fading away from lack of support, the repertory theatre today flourishes. At Leatherhead one can see a pattern for the future—the theatre as an attractive meeting place, a social centre; assets the new civic theatre in Nottingham will possess too. And eventually, perhaps, the repertory theatres will be part of a backbone of linked theatres where provincial audiences can see plays produced to the highest standards.



*Below: Marian Forster would like to do television work but is mainly interested in the live theatre. She went straight to Colchester from the Central Drama School, married actor Michael Pearce whom she met there. Right: Elisabeth Paget. Enjoys rep work as there is a chance to play parts that might not otherwise come her way*



*Robert Digby (right), the managing director at Colchester, with Bernard Kelly who directs alternate plays. The theatre opens straight into an ancient churchyard*

# THE COLCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE

Managing director: Robert Digby

Competition : None

Environment: Rural

Company: Permanent

# NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE

THE TATLER  
8 August 1962  
284

*Director of Productions:*  
Frank Dunlop

*Competition:*  
One commercial theatre

*Environment:*  
Industrial-urban Midlands

*Company:* Small nucleus

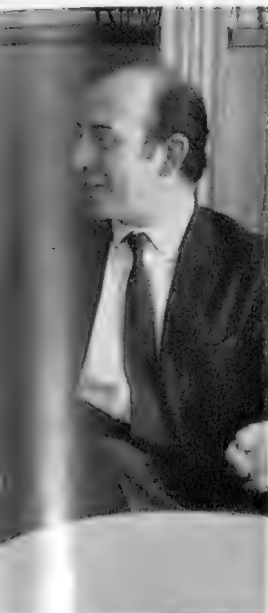
The 300th production at the Nottingham Playhouse was of Jean Giraudoux's *The Enchanted*. John Tordoff and Roger Jerome (left) played the executioners and George Benson (below) the Inspector. He is one of the well-known actors attracted to Nottingham by its policy. Below right: Frank Dunlop, the director of productions, with (left) Hugh Willatt, a director of the Playhouse and chairman of the drama panel of the Arts Council



Jean Marsh played the lead in *The Enchanted* immediately after filming in *Cleopatra in Rome*. She finds rep work stimulating. Right: Rehearsing for the next production, *Look Back In Anger*, Wendy Gifford, Roger Jerome, Anne Stallybrass and Colin George, an associate producer







*Margaret Rawlings, who was appearing in a new play at Windsor. Left: The managing director, John Counsell, talks with seven-year-old Mark Stephen Wardale who was riveted by rehearsals and showed keen interest in the theatre. Below: Margaret Webster, the distinguished American director, runs through a scene with Amanda Reiss and David Hemmings*

## THEATRE ROYAL WINDSOR

Managing director: John Counsell  
Competition: The West End  
Environment: Castle and factory  
Company: Changes for each production



# Me, I never take a holiday!

**Lord Kilbracken**

WRITERS, AS ALL WRITERS KNOW (IF NO ONE else does), never take a holiday. No matter where life leads us, nor what we *seem* to be doing, we are actually always working—however little it looks like it. We are at least “collecting material”—even though we may appear to the uninitiated (i.e. to non-writers) to be lying inanimate on the sands of Saint Tropez, dancing the twist or cha-cha at a moonlit Whiskey-à-Gogo, or skiing down a Dolomite. It’s vital to establish this, not only so that we can claim self-righteously, and with no justification at all, that our noses leave the grindstone less frequently than anyone else’s, but also because it’s helpful when it comes to making a tax return. I won’t go into the latter point in detail at the moment, but *some* material, it has to be admitted, is quite expensively acquired: a fortnight of rigorous research on the Costa Brava, for example, may only yield, strangely enough, one very short short-story and sometimes even less. But the priceless experience is stored away somewhere in one’s intellectual attic; or that, at least, is what I always tell myself. There is nothing more irritating to a writer, consequently, when he says casually that he has had no holiday since 1957, than the reply: “No holiday? You’re *always* on holiday.” Research has shown that we are writing—putting pen to actual paper—for at least one-sixteenth of our waking life. This means *ex hypothesi* that we are collecting material for the other fifteenth-sixteenths of it.

I’ve wandered in this quest over quite a bit of world. But for the last 18 months, as the constant reader will know (if such a creature exists), I have only been oscillating, like a restless electron, between London and Killegar

—apart, that is, from odd weekends in Paris, where the supply of material is endless. When I’m at Killegar I’m also a farmer; when I’m in London I’m also a legislator. This involves a life with not quite enough sixteenths to go round, and my overdraft of sleep has been rising alarmingly. Moreover, at intervals in my life, which never get less frequent, wanderlust overtakes me and I shoot off at a tangent (if that’s the right metaphor for a restless electron). I have felt this impulse irresistibly approaching over the last couple of months, and now the time has come when I can withstand it no longer. As soon as I’ve safely arrived at the bottom of the next column (which will take me, with any luck, not much more than an hour) I intend to pack up the flat (which should take me rather less). And then I will be off, without even making any phone calls. I’m far from sure, at the moment, just where I’ll end up—let alone when I’ll be back.

My first stop, inevitably, must be Killegar. This is an obligation which I cannot lay aside. Killegar manages to keep going very well when I’m away from it, thanks to the sweat and love of my three trusty men, and there have never been any disasters—not so far, anyway. But it can’t help coming just the slightest bit off the rails if I’m absent for too long, and I’ll have to give it a week, before going anywhere else, to put it back on them again. How, for instance, has the calving programme been going? What is the prognosis on winter feed? When is the old sow due (assuming she has gone to the boar)? How much do we owe the creamery? Have the timber merchants collected the sycamore—and paid for it? Which cows will we cull this year, and which

heifers will be coming forward to replace them? There will be accounts and log-books to inspect, there will be the Livestock Record & Valuation Book to make up.

I am looking forward, in particular, to renewing my acquaintance with Killegar Bachelor Gay, the Hereford bull calf, now rising eight months old, for which I have great hopes. Is he to be sold at the October sales or wintered for Ballsbridge?

Having resolved all these vital questions for better or for worse, and having consumed, in Jack’s pub, innumerable bottles of stout, I will fly direct to Paris—the inevitable jumping-off point, as far as I’m concerned, for European wanderings. In Paris I have a number of projects to discuss with a rather strange assortment of interested parties, about which it would be impolitic to say more at the present time. And then I will turn my face in the direction of the sun—where material, as all writers know, grows as profusely as bougainvillea.

It will be several weeks, I hope, before London sees me again. I need not say that I will be working non-stop, with no time off at all. And whatever else I do, in time for every Wednesday—as in every week bar three, let me mention, for over 2½ years—I will send a page of deathless prose, from wherever I find myself, winging its way to The TATLER. You possibly imagined—as you read these words at leisure on *your* secluded beach or on your mountain-top (or even under the dryer)—that the material I’ll be seeking will not be exclusively of a literary kind. You could be wrong, I assure you. Writers, as I began by saying, never take a holiday. For certain confirmation of this well-established fact, kindly watch this space.





Josephinenhutte goblet  
only at Ansons, Dover  
Street: £3 0s. 6d.

Josephinenhutte goblet  
only at Ansons:  
£1 19s. 6d.

Kosta tumbler, tear  
drop in base, at  
Woollands: 24s.

Orrefors tulip glass at  
Woollands: 25s.

Baccarat goblet at  
Ansons: £1 13s. 9d.



Baccarat cut crystal  
tumbler at Ansons:  
£4 10s. 9d.

Gilbey sherry glass  
made in Sweden,  
at Woollands:  
8s. 6d.

Boda of Sweden goblet,  
imported by Wuidart  
at the Continental  
Glass Shop: 11s. 6d.

Baccarat champagne  
flute glass at Ansons:  
£4 10s. 9d.

Orrefors champagne  
glass at Woollands:  
19s.

**GLASS**

**HANDLE WITH CARE**

Presenting ten new shapes  
for moderns in flawless  
glass that's good to handle  
and compulsive to buy

COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON / PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRY WARNER

# Social climbers

The look of linen presents a few late summer extras for girls in step with fashion. Elizabeth Dickson guides and John Cole photographs a way to climb the clothes ladder





Opposite: Grass green career suit, all set for a care-free Indian summer. Small detail, big investment: couture tailoring for the gently gathered skirt and neat tunic with raised seams round waist and neckline. By Nina Ricci to order from Liberty. Pair of topaz and pearl scatterpins, Fenwicks: 39s. 6d. each

Below: Tremendously versatile suit in crushed strawberry pink, braided in navy and buttoned in shiny gilt. Sleeveless chemise top in navy silk. Webe at Robell of Baker Street, £40 10s. 0d. Gilt watch and chain, Fenwicks: 8½ gns. Navy and white spectator pumps with matching purse, Russell & Bromley; 10 gns. the set



Good backdrop to stunning accessories, the go-anywhere dress in café au lait. Two carton seams track from shoulders to hem at the back and front. By Cresta Couture at their New Bond Street and Brompton Road branches, 16½ gns. Maltese cross and gilt kiltpin clip, 9s. 6d. From a selection at Fenwicks



Urbane suit in sugar pink with fine looped fringe to cuff the sleeves and cover the button fastening on jacket. Wide band of linen circles the white crepe blouse at the hips. Candy straw breton. Suit 80 gns., hat 10 gns., Bellville et Cie

Below: New fashion rung, the petticoat dress . . . simple as a slip and as easy to wear. Here in party black, worn with jet straw cowboy hat. Dress by Marcel Fenez at Liberty, about 4 gns. Hat, James Wedge at Liberty





Sleeveless dress; snappily  
tailored, strictly elegant.  
In icing pink with bone-  
buttoned patch pockets.  
Atrima at John Barry Ltd.,  
Hampstead, about 8 gns.  
Scarlet stetson straw,  
James Wedge at Liberty.  
Jersey gloves, Morley

### Marshall & Snelgrove

In the advertisement on  
page 265 of this issue  
the descriptions and  
prices of the hats  
have been transposed  
owing to a printer's  
error

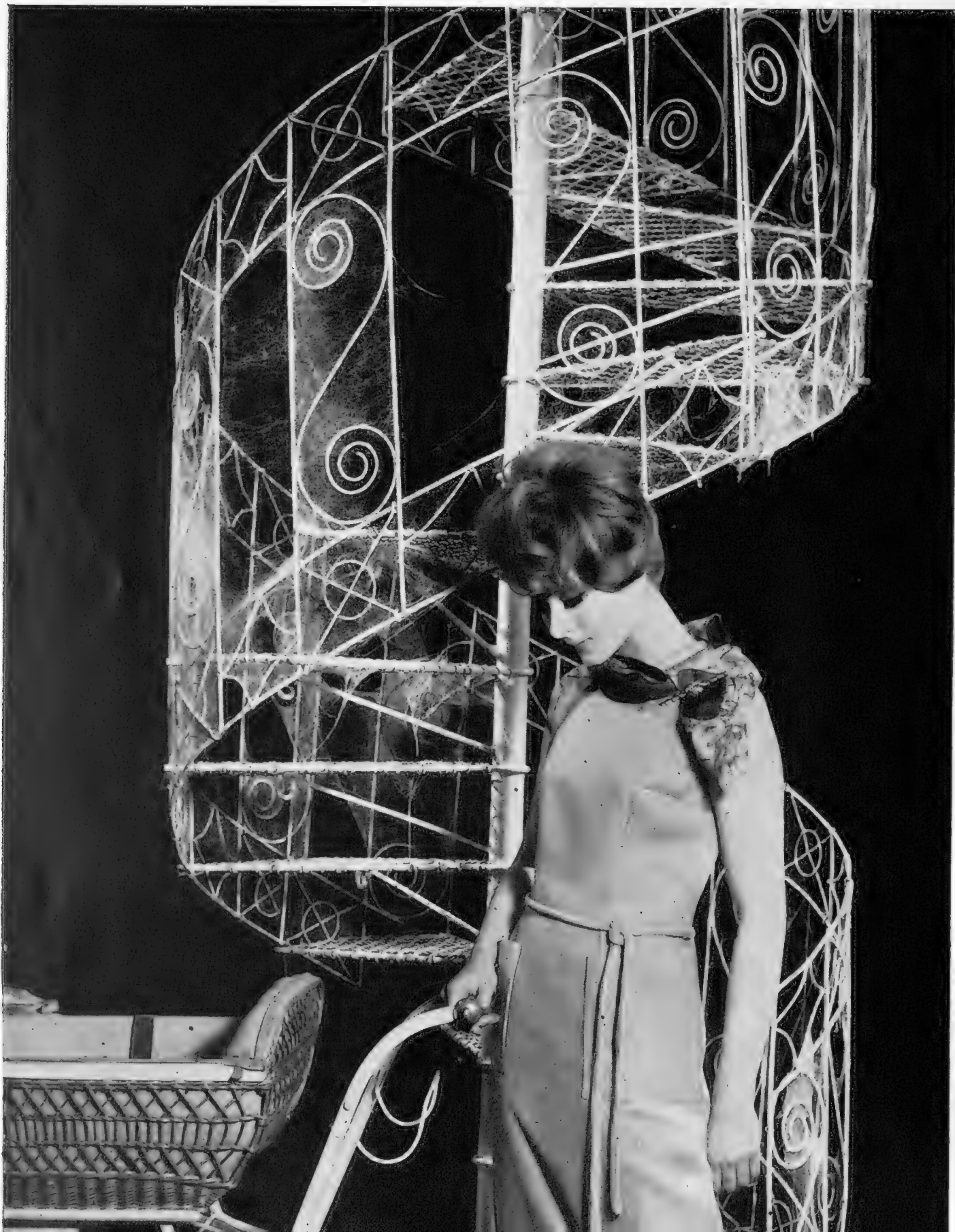


Lissom little silhouette with outsize patch pockets and rouleau belt. Holiday suitcase-extra in lilac. Dress by California Cottons at Jenny Fischer Boutique, Motcomb Street. 4 gns. Marbled lilac and cream silk square by Russell & Bromley, 5 gns.

#### OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS

- P. 290. Marcel Fenez black party dress at: Hammonds, Hull; Heyworths of Cambridge  
P. 291. Atrima pink linen dress at James Stafford, Stourbridge; Ryles Limited, Whitley Bay  
P. 292. California Cottons lilac sheath dress at Plummer Roddis branches  
P. 293. In Fashion dinner dress at William Harvey, Guildford; Lotinga, Norwich

Willowy dinner dress, cut close to the figure. Reed slim with tiny shoe-string straps, all in white linen. Worn with cropped jacket and detachable frilly black organza ruff and cuffs. In Fashion at Liberty, about £15







# KEYBOARD THEME

THE BOLD CHIC OF BLACK AND WHITE

*second part of an occasional series in which beautiful women wear the clothes they like . . .*

Mrs. Andrew Sinclair, wife of the novelist, is a French girl just turned 21 with remarkably good looks. Before her marriage she lived in Paris and New York, now lives in a rooftop flat in Soho Square with a weekend retreat in Limehouse. Fashion for her is dramatic and eye-catching, with superb black and white evening clothes

Opposite: Luminous white pure silk chiffon ballgown, the chemise top richly beaded in crystal and sparklers, the skirt full and drifting. Jean Allen at all branches of Cresta, London, about 42 gns. Also at Samuels, Manchester. Below: Theatre dress and jacket describe the full chic of black and white. Jacket and skirt of the dress in black wild silk, simple sleeveless top and revers in crisp white cloque. Nettie Vogues at Dickins & Jones, about 22 gns. Also Kendal Milne, Manchester, Frank Mason, Ipswich







# VERDICTS

PLAYS

PAT WALLACE

**TWO PLAYS FOR ENGLAND** ROYAL COURT THEATRE  
(JOHN MEILLON, VIVIAN PICKLES, JAMES COSSINS,  
ANTON RODGERS, ANN BEACH)

## Mr. Osborne's enigma

IT IS NOT CERTAIN WHAT KIND OF GESTURE Mr. Osborne intends to make by giving his two plays this overall title. It is even less certain how grateful England ought to be. Each play is devoted to an attack on one of the playwright's public bugbears: the fact of royalty and the theory of Press corruption. In *The Blood Of The Bambergs*, directed by Mr. John Dexter, it is a royal marriage of an intelligent young princess to a photographer which is being satirized, though the satire lacks bite and the only suggestion of Swiftian savagery lies in the actual choice of subject. No jabs with a stiletto here but, rather, dabs with a butter knife.

On the eve of the wedding the princely bridegroom has been killed in a car smash and a lurking press photographer is bribed into taking his place at the ceremony, since his remarkable resemblance to the dead man makes it just possible that no one—except the princess—will notice the substitution. The photographer, played with a pleasantly broad humour by Australian

Mr. John Meillon, is in fact a by-blow of the prince's family (Anthony Hope, art tha sleepin' there below?) and though in this case he is unmoved by appeals to his sense of duty or by love he does succumb to the promises of the riches and grandeur that would be his. In a scene which has some genuinely funny moments a Ruritanian colonel and his *aide* coach the young man in procedure and behaviour, though there is an interlude during which a middle-aged housewife, whose devotion to royalty is such that she hides for two days in a palace laundry chute in order to meet the "prince," achieves her great ambition, kisses his hand and then shoots herself, presumably in an ecstasy of patriotism. "A lunatic, I suppose?" says a startled courtier. "No, just a loyal subject." The photographer is learning fast.

Miss Vivian Pickles, as the princess who takes an understandably dim view of a farcical situation, gives a performance of detached excellence, expressing her overwhelming boredom in a coolly plaintive, royal voice. "I'm so bored, so bored," she repeats. "And most of all, my dear people, with you." The final scene, which is partly in film, is of the wedding ceremony itself with meaning glances exchanged by the young couple, an archbishop who is not so much unsteady on his pins as reeling drunk, and the whole affair unctuously commented by Mr. James Cossins as Wimple, the dignified TV character in whom royal occasions automatically induce a flow of soul. Among Wimple's earlier interviewees have been an almost entirely irrelevant cabinet minister who snatches the microphone from him in order to make election speeches and seriously hold up the action of the play; a good deal more effectively, I think, than Mr. Osborne can have meant.

If this is satire then, as someone said about the New York skyline, surely it is a little obvious?

The second part of the evening's entertainment is provided by a more serious play

*Under Plain Cover*, which has been directed by Mr. Jonathan Miller. This is baffling on two levels. First of all, it is difficult to understand the whole of the playwright's intention, beyond a slap at popular newspapers and, secondly, if one *has* made a guess at that, it is still difficult to see why it *was* his intention.

Briefly, the story is about a young suburban couple generally held to be happy and normal, and fulfilling at least one of those conditions since they are blissfully contented with their well-adjusted relationship as sadist and masochist respectively and enjoy their main preoccupation, which is with knickers. These articles they order by great boxfuls, by post, and discuss at inordinate length, in the meantime dressing up as aristocrat and housemaid, Girl Guides, boxers or nurse and patient (a really nasty one, this).

An alert news editor discovers that they are brother and sister. A reporter is sent to cover the story, or at least that part of it, and he finds great sympathy with them, with their parting, the fate of their two babies and their eventual reunion, for they come back to their little house to live like recluses, presumably surrounded by babies, boxing gloves and pants. The curtain falls on the spectacle of the reporter, who, rather inscrutably, has become a broken man, sobbing on their doorstep, locked out. Only a slow drift of cottonwool snow is missing.

Mr. Anton Rodgers as the young husband is very good indeed, managing, against fairly heavy odds, to suggest real pathos. His partner in this advanced form of whimsicality, as played by Miss Ann Beach, has a chubby soubrette brightness which sometimes recalls the technique of acting in revue sketches and makes the situation, if anything, even more distasteful. The settings for both plays have been admirably designed by Mr. Alan Tagg who, in the cathedral scene, has given imaginative depth and splendour to a small stage.



Above: Anton Rodgers and Ann Beach in *Under Plain Cover*. Above right: Vivian Pickles and John Meillon in *The Blood of the Bambergs*



## FILMS

## ELSPETH GRANT

THE LION DIRECTOR JACK CARDIFF (WILLIAM HOLDEN, CAPUCINE, PAMELA FRANKLIN, TREVOR HOWARD) LE BARON DE L'ECLUSE DIRECTOR JEAN DELANNOY (JEAN GABIN, MICHELINE PRESLE, BLANCHETTE BRUNOY)

## Mite eerie mite

A SOFT LOOK COMES INTO THE EYES OF MR. Samuel G. Engels, the Hollywood producer, when he talks about the stars of his beguiling film, *The Lion*. Mr. Engels loves all four of them—but especially 12-year-old Miss Pamela Franklin, who plays Tina, the 11-year-old girl whose passionate friendship with a full-grown lion alarms her parents (Mr. William Holden and beautiful Capucine) and delights her stepfather (Mr. Trevor Howard), the warden of a game reserve in Kenya. "That child," says Mr. Engels dreamily, "is a natural-born actress. There won't be any hiatus in her career—like, I mean, there was with, say, Shirley Temple or Margaret O'Brien. There'll be no 'awkward age' for Pamela—she'll go straight on acting from now until she's playing grandmothers, that I confidently predict. She's amazing—she's unique." I am inclined to agree with him.

Miss Franklin was quite remarkably and rather creepily convincing as Flora, the angelic-looking sly little girl, sharing dark secrets with her small brother, in *The Innocents*. Her performance as Tina is equally compelling. She has no difficulty at all in suggesting the complexity of the character, in whom innocence is combined with a jungle ruthlessness and sex stirs disquietingly to the beat of tribal drums. Her authority as an actress is complete—astonishing in one so young. I still find Miss Franklin a mite eerie—but wholly fascinating.

Mr. Holden, an American lawyer, is summoned to the Kirinyaga Game Reserve (on the slopes of Mt. Kenya) by his ex-wife, Capucine, to advise on the future upbringing of their daughter, Tina. The child is as much bewitched by Africa as Capucine

was when she ran off on safari with Mr. Howard, her present husband—but what, wonders the anxious mother, will become of her if she grows up with the wild animals and the primitive natives in this outlandish environment?

She might, opines Mr. Holden drily, follow her mother's example, marry a game warden and live happily ever after. All the same he is eager to meet the daughter he has not clapped eyes on since she was a baby. It is a disturbing experience. Tina resents him: her father now is Mr. Howard, who shares her love of the wild and her interest in tribal lore. She scares Mr. Holden by introducing him to King, the magnificent lion whom she adores, fondles, romps with and rides on (this is the most enthralling scene in the film)—and who, she assures him, would tear him to pieces at her command: it's all too obvious that he would, too. When the lion's mate puts in an appearance and, snarling with jealousy, is routed by Tina and King, Mr. Holden begins to realize the dangers to which his daughter is exposed.

While one cannot go all the way with him in his marked enthusiasm for so-called civilization, one can well understand that he is shocked by Tina's calm acceptance of the local natives' cruel customs, her feverishly excited response to frenzied tribal dancing, and the fact that a handsome young warrior (Mr. Paul Oduor), at the ceremony of his initiation as chief, symbolically claims her as his bride.

Mr. Holden is fiercely determined to take Tina to America—Mr. Howard is as fiercely opposed to the idea. He fears that if he loses the child he will lose Capucine as well: she has been for some time disenchanted with Africa and it is clear that she still cares for Mr. Holden (who's aching to remarry her)—but he cannot bear the thought of her leaving him. That would be a disaster.

By an evil chance, he is fated to precipitate it. Coming upon the young chief in deadly combat with King, Mr. Howard is forced to shoot the lion before Tina's frantic eyes. She hates him for it and, weeping, clings to Mr. Holden and Capucine: all she wants now is to leave her stepfather and the Eden he has ruined for her, for ever.

One feels a little sorry for Mr. Howard as he gives Capucine and Tina his blessing (he has reluctantly decided the child will need her mother in her new life) and packs them off America-wards with Mr. Holden: he looks tragically lonely. Never mind: he is now free to return to big-game hunting—the sport he loves. Let's hope he's a better hand at it than he is at running a game reserve. There are some pretty horrid scenes in which, to get a rise out of Mr. Holden, he deliberately provokes some of the beasts he is paid to protect; enraged, they attack the jeep in which he is showing his unwanted guest around. This is great fun for Mr. Howard but very upsetting for the animals and surely not the sort of thing a really good game warden would do.

The colour photography is very fine (as one would expect, with Mr. Jack Cardiff directing), the rugged landscape impressive, and glorious shots of Africa's teeming wild life abound. Little Miss Franklin's performance could serve as an object lesson in the art of acting—though, to be perfectly fair, I don't feel she could teach Mr. Howard anything in that direction: he is a superb actor and knows it all.

In M. Jean Delannoy's amiable and ingratiating comedy, *Le Baron de L'Ecluse*, M. Jean Gabin, who grows increasingly endearing with the years, plays an elderly aristocrat of invisible means. He inherited nothing from his father but a fanfare (nice to have, of course, but scarcely filling). He is resourceful, utterly charming and very lucky at cards. In Deauville for the season, and naturally living at the best hotel, he wins a yacht and 600,000 francs—the cash to be paid later, the yacht immediately available.

Prising an old flame, Mlle. Micheline Presle, from the arms of a nasty millionaire, M. Gabin takes her for a quiet cruise southward through the canals: they will pick up the expected money *en route*. The Baron's ingenuity is put to the test when they find themselves stranded and starving at a remote village—absolutely penniless. He marries Mlle. Presle off to a wealthy local wine-grower—and, this good deed done, settles down to await a change of fortune. It's bound to come—you can be as sure of that as M. Gabin.

## BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

WAITING FOR OLIVER BY SIMON TROY (GOLLANCZ, 15s.) A MURDER OF QUALITY BY JOHN LE CARRE (GOLLANCZ, 15s.) RUNNING SAND BY JONATHAN WADE (COLLINS, 16s.) CHATEAU-BONHEUR BY PHILIPPE JULLIAN TR. EDWARD HYAMS (MACDONALD, 16s.) THE NEWS FROM KARACHI BY WILLIAM WOOD (GOLLANCZ, 15s.) A MUSE IN LOVE BY MARGARET MITCHENER (BODLEY HEAD, 25s.) SURVIVAL OF THE FREE ED. DR. WOLFGANG ENGELHARDT TR. JOHN COOMBS (HAMISH HAMILTON, 30s.)

## Crime's crocodile clutch

SINCE IT IS SUMMER EVERYWHERE BUT IN England, the sort of books suitable for the season ought, I suppose, to be light and free from too much thought and just-the-thing-to-push-into-the-carryall. (I have never quite been able to follow this argu-

ment, since a light book, taking an hour-and-a-half or so to read, argues a mountain of book-luggage, and I would always prefer to take some nice hefty piece of non-fiction that would either last the whole holiday through or break one's teeth at the third page. But for the dogged light-readers—)

*Waiting For Oliver* by Simon Troy is a nice, deeply unbelievable thriller about horrible caddish Oliver who has dominated Alex from his schooldays, started raping girls as soon as possible, murdered small animals in fun and pushed his wife over the cliff. It has the advantages of a nice Pearl Whiteish finish, and the main attraction is a good deal of apparently informed local colour about the Channel Islands. I wish I had cared rather more about one or two of the characters, but maybe you can't have this and the local colour. I don't much believe in *A Murder Of Quality* by John Le Carré either, but this one has the advantage of being set in an olde-worlde boys' public school, and the authenticity of the bitchy dinner party talk takes one's

mind off the thorough boredom of the crime. Sometimes I get to feel that thriller-writers are just about the last people to care who did it.

Jonathan Wade's *Running Sand* is a very superior thriller about the kidnapping of the small daughter of an important journalist for the purposes of timely political blackmail, and the sad, nervous chase to get her back. Unlike most of the bloods I have read lately, this takes the trouble to make you feel what it is like to be in a strange country on a hopeless chase, and I love Mr. Wade for reckoning his readers not to be three-quarters moronic all of the time.

Philippe Jullian's *Château-Bonheur*, translated by Edward Hyams, is an odd, coldly frosty little jape in a sub-Firbank manner about a grand and eccentric house near Biarritz in which live Madame Walsh-Cuénod, a terrible arty provincial great lady, and her daughters, one of whom dies unpleasantly as a result of a mistaken holy vision. The whole thing glows with a pretty

phosphorescence, like a nice mackerel left too long on the slab. Others have found it very funny and profoundly revealing on the subject of French provincial life, but after the first few chapters I had the distinct feeling M. Jullian was whizzing about in an elaborate charade of his own which I should find very tedious. I was right.

*Briefly . . . The News From Karachi* by William Wood is a neat little novella, agreeable if you like stories with a didactic purpose and stories set in the future, about the Small Countries Chairman of the Joint Heads of State Conference who arranges to get himself exploded by nuclear test in order to make his point about disarmament. . . . *A Muse In Love* by Margaret

Mitchener is an amusing book about one of those positively terrifying ladies who are the speciality of France, and who hold *salons* and are universally adored in the most sensitive manner. This one was Julie de Lespinasse, the star flirt of the 18th century, a lady with whom everyone immediately and to me mysteriously fell in love, and who herself finally devoted a hopeless passion—she was dying beautifully at the time—to a man who preferred to marry elsewhere. She was of an appalling intensity, as is evident from her letters, and the whole story, like every other chain of *salon* love-affairs with their vast attendant mailbag, reminds me of some dreadful scene of Thurberish horror in which small

men are pursued by madcap giantesses with windflowers in their huge fists.

**Survival Of The Free**, edited by Dr. Wolfgang Engelhardt, translated by John Coombs, is a passionate cry from the heart about wild life and how to preserve it. There are lots of illustrations, and I know a great many people feel far more strongly about this subject than I do. The colour frontispiece, for instance, is a powerful picture of a bison wearing a sort of neatly trimmed hearthrug round his shoulders and looking sideways out of what looks to me like a very evil eye. A good many people, more responsible than I, feel very deeply about the bison, and I feel sure there is every reason why they should.

## RECORDS GERALD LASCELLES

**ZOOT AT RONNIE SCOTT'S** BY ZOOT SIMS **TUBBS IN N.Y.** BY TUBBY HAYES **THAT'S IT!** BY BOOKER ERVIN **ORNETTE** BY ORNETTE COLEMAN **THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER** BY CANNONBALL ADDERLEY

### Exchange without robbery

THE RESULTS OF AN INTERESTING EXCHANGE OF British and American musicians have been perpetuated by two Fontana albums released early this summer. Tenor player Zoot Sims spent a month at Ronnie Scott's club in London last November, working with British jazzmen, as I reported at the time. Anyone who heard him playing during this spell would agree that he was not only in tremendous form, but blowing with obvious enjoyment. This contrasts with the blasé and unenthusiastic support that most soloists receive in clubs throughout the length and breadth of the United States. Stan Tracy's piano work behind the modern but not daringly advanced Zoot is imaginative, and both rhythm sections featured in the album (STFL538) are noteworthy for their contribution.

The British half of this exchange was tenorman Tubby Hayes, who unquestionably ranks in the world class of jazz musicians. **Tubbs In N.Y.** (STFL595) must have confounded many critics over there, and is in many ways a more outstanding effort than the Sims session recorded here; the presence of that great trumpeter Clark Terry on some of Tubby's tracks was an added incentive and I am in no doubt that he reached for the sky. Politically the exchange of single musicians rather than whole bands is a step forward, and one which I hope will soon become so commonplace that the union barriers between the two receiving countries will eventually be broken down.

Allowing that Charlie Mingus is the musical volcano of the present decade, it seems logical that Booker Ervin, the man he has used frequently on tenor in his own band, is one of the most likely people to cause an eruption. **That's It!** is the curt but impulsive title of Ervin's new album for Candid (CJS9014), which only lacks Mingus to ensure complete obliteration of the surrounding world. There is something lion-hearted in the quality of the opening phrase of *Mojo*, straight from the voodoo book, that endears Booker to me. Rollins and Coltrane may have left their impressions on him, but what comes out of that

honking horn is very much his own idea. Considering that he started his musical career on trombone, he is not such a bad performer on the saxophone! Perhaps he would qualify for the next individual exchange, just to remind us that volcanoes are not all extinct.

**Ornette** proclaims the Ornette Coleman quartet (SAH-K6235), in his latest piece of nonsense. In the absence of clear definitions it would be wrong to deny him the right to call his music jazz, but the alto-playing composer is stepping closer than he may realize to the border where people may justifiably question whether this is music. The complete absence of discernible harmony in certain pieces prompts me to make this comment, and to cast doubts on the veracity of Cannonball Adderley's latest album title, **Things Are Getting Better** (RLP12-286). This is only one of four LPs on Riverside devoted to the master of soul jazz, and it catches him in company with Milt Jackson, the vibraphonist who might lay claim to have invented the term in its jazz application.

So far as listener appeal is concerned, the roots which Cannonball retains in his jazz exposition are the right ones. His easy way of combining the traditional form with an admittedly modern outlook is at least part of the secret of his success.

## GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

**TREASURES FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTION THE QUEEN'S GALLERY**

### Old friends at the palace

I HAD TO SMILE. NEXT TO ME, AS I STOOD surrounded by masterpieces at the Press View of the new art gallery at Buckingham Palace, was a young woman reporter busily making notes in her catalogue. Peering over her shoulder I read, "Polished parquet floor—clever daylight roof—walls covered with light beige material—ground floor and upper gallery. . . ." I could just see her news editor briefing her on the story, "Go along and get all the facts. No arty stuff, just facts." So there she was, not allowing herself to be beguiled by Vermeer or Rembrandt, but sticking to the facts and, no doubt, ultimately producing an admirably objective piece giving a much better

picture than I could give of this charming, intimate little gallery, and ending up with an estimate ("from an art expert") of the current market value (£5 million? £6 million?) of the things on show.

Luckier than she, I had no need to concern myself with facts but could wander round meeting the old friends on the walls. I say "old friends" because there did not appear to be a single painting or drawing there that I had not seen several times before (and even the silver was familiar). Successive monarchs during the past hundred years have made more and more of the pictures and other works of art in the Royal Collection available to the public, permanently at Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Kensington Palace and Holyroodhouse, and temporarily in loan exhibitions at the Royal Academy and elsewhere. Now the succession of exhibitions we are likely to see at the new gallery during the next few years will make the cream of the Collection familiar to a wide new public.

Selection of the things for this first exhibition must have been an almost

impossible task. The 43 paintings had to be chosen from some 2,000, the 39 drawings from a much larger number still. And the choice of the miniatures, jewellery, *objets d'art*, furniture, clocks, china and silver that make up the rest of the show no doubt provided similar problems. The aim has been to make a sort of microcosm that will suggest the magnificence of the whole Collection.

There is great variety in the paintings, all of which are in superb condition and almost every one of which has an interesting history. The superb Vermeer *Music lesson* (or, more explicitly, *A lady at the virginals, and a gentleman listening*) was among the collection of pictures bought by George III from Joseph Smith, his Consul in Venice who had earned himself the nickname "The Merchant of Venice." At the time of the sale Vermeer was so little known that his signature "IVMeer" (on the frame of the picture on the wall of the music room) was mistaken for that of the minor Dutch painter Frans van Mieris. The King paid £20,000 for the Smith collection which included 53 canvases by Canaletto (one of



which, *The Piazzetta at Venice*, is in the exhibition), two Rembrandts and two Bellinis.

One of those Bellinis is almost certainly the *Portrait of a young man* (No. 1 in the exhibition). The other, *The agony in the garden*, the King gave away! But it found its way to the National Gallery where it is now. Acquisitions made by almost every contributor to the Royal Collection, from Henry VIII to the present Queen, are included in the exhibition. Many of them are works which were confiscated by Cromwell after the execution of Charles I but were recovered, principally by Charles

II but also by other monarchs and their consorts.

Uncertainty and mystery surround the history of many of these treasures. The wonderful Holbein drawings went in and out of the Royal Collection many times between the days of Edward VI and the year 1727 when, so the story goes, Queen Charlotte "found" them in an old bureau at Kensington Palace. She is said also to have found the fabulous volume of Leonardo drawings (there are 13 of them in the exhibition) in the same way, but they are recorded in the Collection in 1690 and are traditionally believed to have been

a gift to Charles II from Sir Peter Lely.

Not only every picture, but almost every object here could tell a story to gild its intrinsic beauty. What could not the little gilt and bronze negress, whose eyes tell the time, recall about Marie Antoinette to whom she probably belonged? How tragic a tale is contained in that Imperial Russian Easter egg of pierced platinum set with precious stones, made by Fabergé for Czar Nicholas II and filled with portrait heads of his five children? Why, even those freakish Hindu-Chippendale chairs probably have a history that could make them attractive!



Two sections of the Queen's Gallery—the new art gallery in Buckingham Palace grounds, now open to the public. Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I in three positions is flanked by paintings of Queen Elizabeth I and Queen Henrietta Maria. Among other treasures from the last great Royal collection in Europe are a Rubens, Vermeers and a solid gold hot dog presented to the Queen when she visited Chicago in 1958. Right: King George III, his queen and 13 of his children painted by Gainsborough in 1782



## OPERA

J. ROGER BAKER

### Relâche

THE HANDEL OPERA COMPANY CONTINUES TO present two of this composer's works each year. Their brief season at Sadler's Wells last month consisted of *Jephtha* and a revival of *Radamisto*. Though this group, under their conductor Charles Farncombe, has done valuable work, I still feel their offerings have little more than academic interest for the non-specialist opera-goer. *Jephtha* is a sacred oratorio and any dramatic seeds in the situation (warrior must sacrifice daughter for winning battle) fall on the barren soil of a too-formal musical idiom—*da capo* arias with long introductions and a chorus that comments but does not participate. There was some notable singing from Elizabeth Harwood and Janet Baker. *Radamisto*, on the other hand, is an opera, and with one of the most confusing plots in history, which I've no intention of going into. But the same conditions apply and it needs a much slicker production to make impact. Of course, anything with Jennifer Vyvyan in the cast is worth hearing, and I enjoyed the contributions of Catherine

Wilson, an artist who has developed considerably over the past year, giving a glowing Cenerentola, an elegant Iolanthe and adding charm to *Albert Herring*.

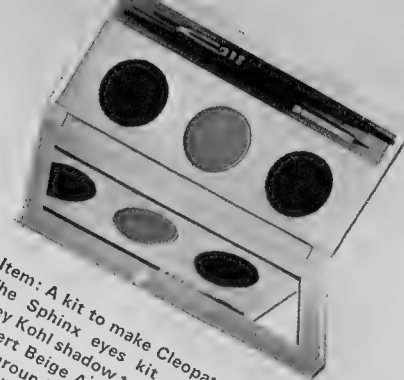
A two-week tour in Europe climaxed the Sadler's Wells company's season. Three operas were given in Stuttgart, Brussels and Hamburg. Considering the hysteria that greets European opera companies over here (Hamburg's is due at the Wells in September), it is satisfying to know that our home company, performing in English, brought equal enthusiasm from press and audiences. In each town they mounted *Iolanthe*, the Wells' first foray into Savoyland, which remains fresh and witty and has gained even more polish. The second attempt—on *The Mikado*—was less successful, mainly due to a too-conventional approach, and soloists who seemed unhappy in operetta. There have been some misses this season—I still feel *The Bartered Bride* was scenically misguided, and *Figaro* should be entirely re-made.

But among the resounding hits one must note *A Village Romeo & Juliet* after which the applause was drowned by the pleasing noise of critics eating their own words about Delius; *The Rake's Progress*, *Ariadne on Naxos* and *The Flying Dutchman*, all of which demand revival next season. Perhaps

the most striking development at the Royal Opera House has been in the design department. The work of Franco Zeffirelli, Sean Kenny and Gunther Schneider Siemssen has been quite different but with one vital thing in common: their decors all derived intimately from the music and so, unlike the garish trappings of *Die Zauberflöte*, for instance, brought a true operatic synthesis of music and painting. Schneider Siemssen, whose eerie back-projections made *Erwartung* so memorable, is designing Wagner's *Siegfried* as the first production for next season. For *King Priam* Kenny produced a set that made one want to see his hand on Wagner, too. Zeffirelli's work on *Don Giovanni*—full-blown baroque splendour—resulted in a series of opulent, ravishingly lovely sets. He was criticized, naturally, for daring to introduce sweat and hot blood into Mozart, but this was romantic opera as it should always be seen. Mr. Georg Solti ended his first year as Musical Director by demanding more rehearsal space, which he quite properly received, and then announced an exciting programme of new productions for next season ranging from a Callas-Visconti *Trovatore* to Schoenberg's *Moses and Aaron*—works which will collect quite different audiences, as any great opera house should.



Item: black leather Gladstone bag with moisture-proof inside, slide-out panel of manicure tools of first class design. £7 15s. from Presents of Dover Street

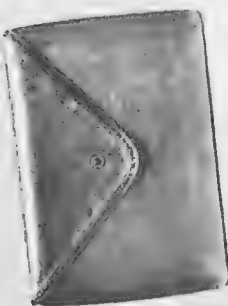
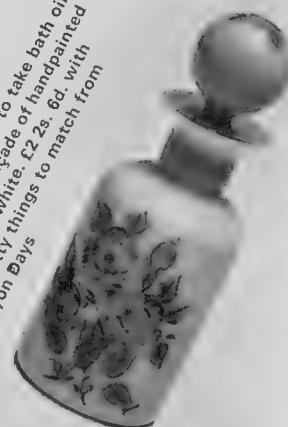


Item: A kit to make Cleopatra eyes. The Sphinx eyes kit contains Misty Grey Kohl shadow to background eyes, Desert Beige Accent shadow to background eyeliner which rims lashes in brown or black. Two brushes plus a biggish mirror complete the kit which is made in two versions for fair or dark haired. By Revlon who have just brought out an Ultima cleanser to match their Ultima night cream.



Item: compacts so pretty it's a pity to use them. One an envelope of silver which opens just like one: £20. The other a purse shape in gilt with a rococo design: £4 2s. 6d. Both from Halcyon Days

Item: an opaline bottle to take bath oil or cologne has a façade of handpainted pink roses on white. £2 2s. 6d. with other pretty things to match from Halcyon Days



Item: (not shown) Richard Hudnut's newcomer to the ever-increasing band of moisturisers is called Cream of Cactus. It is an emulsion of the finest oils with the addition of cactus extract and is intended to go on last thing at night or under make-up during the day

# GOOD LOOKS CONJURES UP ACCESSORIES

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON / PHOTOGRAPH: BARRY WARNER



## DINING IN

Helen Burke

### *Salad from the States*

IN THE HOME OF A VERY GOOD American cook I met the salad which I am going to give you now. It would make a very good main course for a light meal or, in smaller quantities, an hors d'oeuvre. It is called CHICKEN ALMOND SALAD, and I have adapted the recipe slightly. In her recipe, for instance, there was grated onion, but I find this a little too strong for such a delicate mixture.

Gently poach a roasting chicken in the strained stock from the giblets, flavoured with a carrot, an onion, a small piece of bay leaf, a pinch of thyme and several stalks of parsley, and seasoned with salt and freshly milled pepper. Leave the chicken to become cold, then cut 12 oz. of the flesh into thin strips.

Place 6 oz. of seedless raisins in cold water, bring to the boil, remove from the heat, leave for 5 minutes then drain them well. Brown 3 oz. of flaked almonds in the oven until they are a golden tone. Cut 1 to 2 canned pimentos into small diamonds, and mix all these together with the chicken and its garnish.

Mix together a tablespoon each of chopped chives and parsley and add them to the mixture. Sprinkle with a tablespoon of dry sherry or dry vermouth and leave for two hours. Just before the meal, stir 2 tablespoons of mayonnaise into  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of single cream. Pour this over the chicken mixture and turn it over and over before serving the dish on individual plates or lettuce leaves.

This LEMON MERINGUE PUDDING is very refreshing. Butter the inside of a soufflé dish of 1½- to 1½-pint capacity. Beat together the grated rind and juice of a large lemon and 3 oz. of caster sugar. Have ready enough thin slices of crustless bread to line the dish. Butter them on one side only. Dip the other sides in the lemon mixture. Line the dish with them and pour any remaining lemon mixture over them.

Make a custard as follows: Bring to the boil  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of milk, all but 2 tablespoons. Blend a dessertspoon of cornflour into these. Stir into the hot milk and simmer for 3 minutes. Beat 2 egg yolks and slowly stir the hot milk into them. Whip the egg whites very stiffly and fold 2 tablespoons of caster sugar

into them. Very lightly fold half of this into the custard. Turn the mixture into the prepared dish and top with the remaining egg-white meringue. Place in the centre of the oven and bake at 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4 until the top is browned (about 30 minutes).

Home-grown SWEET CORN (corn on the cob) should be in any minute now. It is a delicious "vegetable" but how it suffers in the hands of those who do not know its secret! First, choose young cobs. The best way to know if they are young is to draw down the tassel a little and press one's thumbnail into one of the kernels at the top. If it spurts juice, it is really young. If there is just a little moisture it will not be so good, but it will still be good enough to cook. If there is no juice at all do not buy it, because the kernels will be hard. Drop the cobs into unsalted boiling water and, when it returns to the boil, give them up to 7 minutes. Drain well and, with the cobs, pass butter and let each person season them with salt and pepper.

Some people add a teaspoon or so of sugar to the boiling water. Others salt the water in the first place. So many people, however, feel so strongly that salt toughens the kernels, that I, too, do not salt the water. But try both ways and decide for yourself.

A friend recently told me of a comparatively new cookery book of which she, a professional cook, took a very good view. It is **Cooking The Russian Way**, by Musia Soper (Spring Books, 5s.). I have just acquired it for myself. It is, as she rightly says, "a well-prepared book, with recipes that work." Not that recipes from other books do not, but it does happen that there are "gaps." Other books in *Cooking The — Way* series, all 5s. each, include the French, Italian, German, Austrian, Spanish, Chinese and Czech ways.

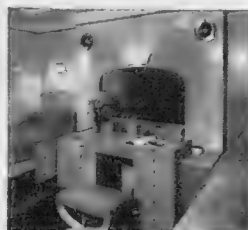
We have, of course, our own "way" and this reminds me that a new edition of Florence White's **Good Things in England** has just appeared (Jonathan Cape 21s.).

It contains regional and traditional recipes from 1399 to 1932, when it first appeared. After 30 years it still has a place on the shelves of anyone genuinely interested in English food.

## To South Africa

### THE ELLERMAN WAY

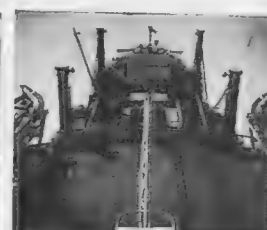
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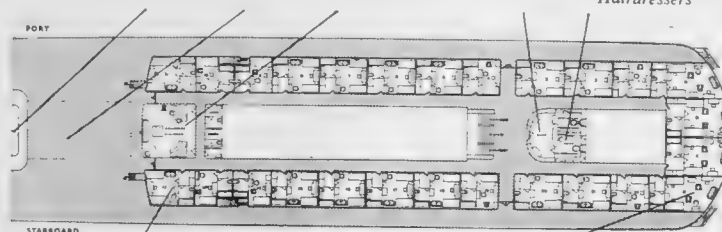
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## A Capri goes North



The Capri's interior, luxurious and uncluttered. Left: in a picturesque village en route

IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I LAST TOOK THE HIGH road to Scotland. Memories of jostling lorries on a narrow, two-lane highway glorified by the title "A 1," where one took one's life in one's hands whenever there seemed a chance of overtaking, have been sufficient to put me on train or plane whenever I felt the call of the north. But meeting a friend who had recently made a run over the Border gave me a fresh slant on present road conditions; so I tried out the new Ford Capri by driving north. Here I am in the Scottish Highlands after what I can only describe as one of the most pleasant trips I have had for a long while past.

I am not going to say that the A1 is now a thoroughgoing motorway. There remain many places along it where improvements are still called for. The fact is, nevertheless, that there has been so much bypassing of towns and construction of twin tracks, that the journey is no longer one of pure frustration for the motorist. Before setting out I gave the new map book which Fords have just produced, in conjunction with Geographia, a thorough going-over. It is a most comprehensive publication, titled *Around Britain With Ford*, and costs 8s. 6d. It covers England, Scotland and Wales, gives an index to places and their map references—I have yet to find even quite small villages missing from it—also a description of beauty spots in the three countries. It

also contains addresses and telephone numbers of all Ford dealers.

First big improvement on the road was the ten-mile bypass to Stevenage, hitherto a bad bottleneck. Next came the bypass around equally congested Stamford, soon followed by a similar avoidance of Grantham. The Newark-on-Trent bypass isn't open yet, but 30 miles farther north the Doncaster one is a godsend. We stayed at Barnby Moor, at Ye Olde Bell hotel which was for so long a landmark on A1. The opening of the Doncaster bypass has, however, relegated it to A638—which from the visitor's point of view is something to welcome, since it has reduced traffic flow past this pleasing and well-run hostelry. The Doncaster bypass is 12½ miles long and has taken three years to build. There are 28 bridges including overpasses, underpasses, footbridges and railway bridges—the one over the River Don cost well over half a million. I know it is the fashion to decry what is being done in the improvement of our roads—and there still is a great deal to be done before they are adequate—but in my opinion we ought to thank both Mr. Marples and Mr. Harold Watkinson for what they have brought about, not forgetting that it was Mr. Alfred Barnes in the Socialist government soon after the war who got the "Special Roads" (i.e. motorways) Act through Parliament.

For such a journey as this tour to the Highlands the Ford Capri coupé is ideal. I held both of us and our luggage with room to spare. Good for more than a genuine 80 m.p.h., it cruised without effort at 60-65 m.p.h. On this 1,000-mile journey it returned an average consumption of better than 30 miles to the gallon of petrol, and though I checked the oil on two occasions it never needed any addition. The Capri's smart appearance came in for a great deal of admiration, and this feature is backed by all-round qualities of road-holding and comfort. It is no wonder that a car with such distinctive coachwork and selling for so little more than the Classic saloon, with which it is mechanically identical (£864 for the Capri, £779 for the 4-door Classic de Luxe saloon), is in such demand.

When there is a well in the floor interior car-cleaning is not too easy. I have been trying a French-made vacuum cleaner, which works off the mains current in my garage and makes a thorough job of getting rid of dust and small particles of grit and mud. Known as the Moulinex, it is handled in this country by Andrews Houseware Manufacturers Ltd., 137 Kirkdale, Sydenham, London, S.E.26, and costs £4 19s. 6d. One specially good feature is that, among the many tools which go with it, there is one that will get right into a sharp corner in carpeting.





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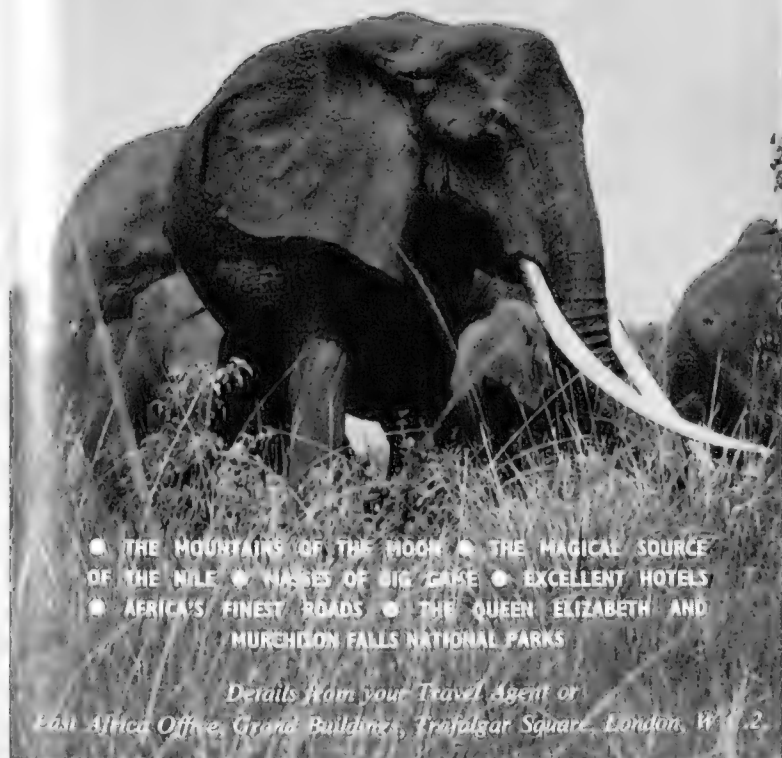
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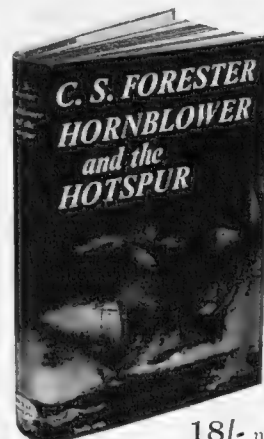
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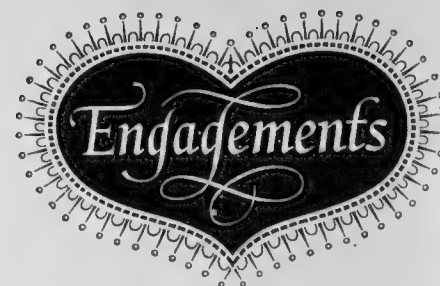
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LENARD

**Miss Sara Jean Ferguson to Lieut.-Col. John Charles Balharrie:** *She* is the daughter of Maj. & Mrs. Robert Ferguson, The Old Vicarage, Bearsted, Kent. *He* is the son of the late Mr. John F. Balharrie, and of Mrs. Randal Finlay, of Bellevue Road, Ayr



HARLIP

**Miss Judy Noble to Mr. Peter Whiteman:** *She* is the daughter of Col. & Mrs. Arthur Noble, of Marchings, Chigwell, Essex. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. I. Whiteman, of Abbots Lodge, Sandhurst, Glos

**Miss Victoria Madeleine Pope to Mr. Peter John Costain:** *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. B. Pope, of Chelsea, S.W.3. *He* is the son of Mr. A. P. Costain, M.P., and Mrs. Costain, of Kingswood, Surrey



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# Weddings



LENARE

**Gillman-Cooper:** Pauline Margaret, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. F. C. Gillman, of Sunbury Avenue, East Sheen, S.W.14, was married to Peter John, son of Mr. & Mrs. G. A. Cooper, of Richmond Park Road, East Sheen, at Christ Church, S.W.14



RUSSELLS OF RICHMOND



**Boothby-Lewis:** Caroline Serena, daughter of Sir Hugo Boothby, Bt., & Lady Boothby, of Fonmon Castle, Barry, Glamorgan, was married to Ifor Morel, son of the late Mr. I. Ll. Lewis, and of Mrs. Lewis, of Upper Porthkerry, Barry, at St. Iltyds Church, Llantwit

**Nevill-Lillingston:** Lady Vivienne Nevill, daughter of the Marquess & Marchioness of Abergavenny, of Eridge Park, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, was married to Alan, son of the late Captain & Mrs. Luke Lillingston, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Bridesmaids: Lady Rose Nevill, Lady Sarah Stanhope, the Hon. Arabella Sackville, Zara Pratt, Emma Soames. Pages: Christopher Nevill, the Earl of Tyrone. The best man was the Earl of Harrington.



**Callender-de Laszlo:** Jennifer Mary, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Leonard Callender, of The Boltons, S.W., was married to Philip, son of the late Mr. & Mrs. Stephen de Laszlo, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street

## ROSES &amp; ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

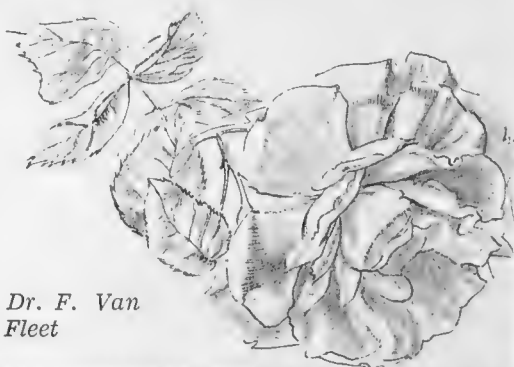
Roses for small town gardens (2)

ESSENTIAL INGREDIENTS OF SUCCESS FOR TOWN rose growing are suitability of position, soil and choice of vigorous varieties. Those who move in on an existing town garden usually have to get the soil into condition before any planting can be done. In many cases, deep digging and applications of animal manure and lime will do much to correct matters but, if the soil is too far gone, more drastic measures such as replacing it by fresh loam may be required. If the soil has soured a generous supply of lime and rough digging is the best treatment, and for general building up old, well-decomposed stable manure should be used. Lime and manure must not be used simultaneously. The rejuvenation of worn-out soils should be considered as a long-term operation if the job is to be done properly. When the manure has had several months in which to be assimilated, a coating of lime—a quarter of a pound to each square yard

—can be lightly forked in the surface; rain can be relied on to do the rest. If the soil is clayey, silver sand can be worked in, together with strawy manure, breaking up all the lumps very thoroughly; a dry period is the best time in which to do this. Early autumn is the ideal time to begin these operations.

Roses in town gardens should be given as open a position as possible, away from the drip of trees or the hungry roots of laurel and privet. Climbing roses are basic, I think, where ugly dull walls are a problem. Out of the many that can be successfully grown in town conditions, I suggest *Dr. F. Van Fleet*—one of the easiest climbing roses to grow and hard to beat for its charming scented, shell pink blooms, glossy foliage and sturdy constitution—and also the later variants, *The New Dawn*, *Gloire de Dijon* and *Paul's Scarlet Climber*. But do remember that the soil below walls is often allowed to dry

out. This is fatal if the wall receives much sunlight. So plant the rose with the roots away from the wall and slope the growths inwards towards it. Some of the modern ever blooming climbers are useful in towns—*Danse de Feu* and *Coral Dawn*. And the old-fashioned evergreen (i.e. nearly evergreen) climbers might well be considered: *Félicité et Perpétue* is recommended.



Dr. F. Van Fleet

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**Luke** (8 months), the son of Capt. & Mrs. Warren Fenwicke-Clennell of Boston, Yorks

TOM HUSTLER



**Shane** (one), the son of Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Collins of Dundonald, Ayrshire

ARCHIE PARKER



**Lucinda** (4 months), the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Shepherd of Alveston, Bristol

TOM HUSTLER



**Anna Elizabeth** (5 months), daughter of the Hon. Andrew & Mrs. Turner of Chelsea

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